LATEST IN HOSIERY.

Pockets Which Are Secure from the Highwayman's Depredations. The old lady who insisted that she wanted no safer bank for her money than her own stocking is apparently vindicated by the latest novelty in ho-

Right on the outside of each stocking leg, near the top, was the cutest little pocket, woven onto the stocking. Now, very few women have pockets in their dresses; at least none in their Paris dresses. Only women with tailor-made gowns, and black silk stripes down the outside seams of their skirts, like Ada Lewis, ever have enough pockets. But the minute the woman laid eyes on those stockings with pockets she knew the reason why, and all about it.

It didn't take a diagram to explain to her that those pockets were made for valuables. One woman promptly explained that they were intended for women to keep stray diamonds in. She asked:

"What highwayman would think of looking there for money, or what pickpocket, even the most experienced, would expect to have to pick a pocket in a stocking?"

The colors in which the stockings with pockets are made lend weight to the idea that hereafter women dressed for the evening will not go down to dinner and leave their stray rings and jewels lying around upstairs for secondstory burgiars, but will sit down to dinner calm in the consciousness that their jewels are safe in their stocking pock-

Some of the prettiest designs are in evening colors-pale pink, cream lavender and blue. The pockets on these are always of a contrasting coler, and are elaborately embreidered with silk in floral and vine designs. Around the pocket is another inch-deep rew of embroidery. When a woman wears a pair of these and puts on gold garter clasps and fills the two little pockets with rolls of bills, she is altogether valuable.

Naturally, the woman who is accustomed to carry her wealth hidden in her stockings will at once take to pockets in her stockings, and the only marvel is that nobody has ever thought of the idea before Although it is too neat an idea to have been born anywhere but in the brains of a Connecticut Yankee, at the same time the stockings are stamped: "Made in Germany," but the knowing saleswomen say: "They are from Paris."

There is a belief that only elderly women and emigrants are given to securing ready cash where they can't get | bel " at it without retiring to some secluded corner. A woman who has been traveling continually declares that she got over being astonished at the number of cultivated women who are never sure their money or bills of exchange are sate except when stuffed down into their stockings.

A very clever business woman, the financial head and manager of a publishing business that clears its two partners \$10,000 each a year, never thinks of trusting all her traveling cash to even the inside pocket of her vest, but makes sure she has a reserve fund pinned inside her stockings.

In all the women's parlors in railway stations, and in the large shops, such numbers of women are seen daily taking rolls of bills from their hosiery hiding places that this little pocket on the stocking manifestly fills an ancient

This pocket comes above and on the outside of the knee. It is just wide enouga to hold a good roll of bills, or a watch, or any small valuables the wearer may want to protect especially. Some of the pockets are five or six inches in depth; others a little less. The black stockings for street wear have deeper pockets and less elaborate decorations, and would easily hold a few thousand dollars and a couple of moderate-sized

diamond necklaces. The pockets are ornamented with some droll designs. The favorites are a primitive likeness of the man in the moon, a very lean-looking heart pierced with a sky-blue dart, and the third and most catchy is woven in imitation of a watchface, on which the hours are indicated by black numbers .- N. Y. World.

WOMEN AS FARMERS.

The Outlook for Them to Make a Sure Profit Not So Glowing as It Is Told. A very recent article on possibilities in feminine livelihoods pointed out the desirability of farming as a peculiarly delightful way for women to earn their own living. It, the woman who writes this asserts, is so slow a return for time and money invested-she blinks the work entirely--that men are more and more dropping that for some e.nployment that will yield them swifter returns on their capital. She thinks this a golden opportunity for her sis1 ters to rush in and purchase farms. They will find the very things that their sex prize, she goes on to say; a sure living, a quiet life, a moderate return for outlay and a chance to exercise their natural propensity for economies which masculine natures as naturally despise and resent. It would be interesting to have this lady point out who is to do the farm work. Is a woman, then, to milk the cows before daylight and in the biting cold and gloom of winter evenings? Is she to dig paths in the snow to "fodder the critters?" Is she to hoe corn and plant potatoes and hill beans? Is she to reap and mow and harvest? Or is she to hire all this and a million other "chores" done for her? And, in the latter case, where goes her "small but sure" profit? It is a crying shame that so many of these so-called "practical" hints for women's help are written exactly after the fashion itomortalized in "Rudder Grange." Euphemia and her husband concocted a book in which it was demonstrated that a house could be furnished for an absurdly small sum. When the wife was called to account for some especially

-The length of the Congo is believed to exceed 2,000 miles, and it drains an area of 8,000 square miles. In its lower course it is frequently more than ave miles in width.

CRADLE SONG.

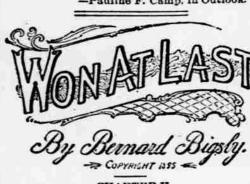
There's a baby moon rocking far up in the sky, And the night wind is blowing a soft luliaby: And down, away down, in a mossy-lined nest. Are five little birdles 'neath mother's warm

O hushaby, little one, sleep! Enfolded in arms that a loving hold keep, Another wee baby is rocking to sleep A soft golden head presses close to my heart. And darkly fringed eyelids just drowsily part O hushaby, little one, sleep!

The tiny star candles are lighting the way For birdies and eives that to Sleepy Town But my baby's stars are its mother's brown That lovelight his path as to dreamland he

O hushaby, little one, sleep! The silver moon-baby sinks low in the west, The chirping is hushed in the little brown nest And, swinging and swaying, with eyes clos-

My little one crosses the border at last. O hush thee, my little one sleeps! -Pauline F. Camp, in Outlook.



CHAPTER V. A FRIEND IN NEED.

"Milly, dear, leave the coffee on the stove and be off to bed. The professor and I are going to hold a powwow, and squaws are not wanted in the wigwam."

The scene was the interior of the prospector's cottage; the dramatic personae, Jack Wilders, his wife and Frank Grey; time, twenty-four hours after the events recorded in the last chapter.

"Squaw, indeed, Mr. Impudence," chirped the young wife, saucily. "I've a great mind to assert my woman's rights and sit up till midnight."

"Do, dear," said Wilders, "that's just what I was driving at. I knew that the best way to keep you with us was to ask you to go."

"Then, to sustain my character for obstinacy, good night, Mr. Grey," was the gay reply; but as the little woman's glance feil on the haggard face of her guest, her heart melted, and she added with much feeling: "I know all Jack's secrets. Bear your trouble bravely. We are your friends and what Jack wants you to do, is for the best. Trust him as you would a brother."

"Easy, easy, eld lady, you're too fast; you'll spoil it all. Women in business and hens in a garden-always the same trouble."

"You savage man, I leave you; but remember, if you fail to bring Mr. Grey to our way of thinking, I shall believe that all your boasted tact is only strong enough to impose upon an unprotected female, who hasn't the courage to re-

"Ah!" the prospector mused, casting a proud, loving glance at the retreating figure of his wife. "Did you ever see such a woman? Nature made her, and broke the mold."

"Have you seen Wixon, Edgerly and the others?" Grey asked, too anxious to bandy compliments. "Seen them! I've been running about all day, like a candidate, who wants to

save his country by taking office." "Well?" "Well, the whole concern boiled down to facts means that Wixon holds

two bowers and the joker, an' you are euchred." "But his charge is so utterly, wildly absurd. Surely the child's age might

have protected her-" "Hold hard, Grey. You forget she's a bouncing slip of a girl sixteen years

"What!" the schoolmaster's eves flashed fire. "Have you a shadow of doubt in your mind concerning my in-

nocemee? "That you are sitting in this room that you have just taken my Millie's hand in yours answers that question, said the prospector with dignity.

"I believe you. Now tell the worst. "Well, Frank, my boy, you are just in this fix. If you stay here you may elenr yourself, but you will never be able to relieve that young girl's character of the stigma east upon it. Ill-natured people will say that where there is fire there must be smoke. A lie that's half a lie is always the worst to fight, as that poet that Milly's so sweet on,

"I see all this," Grey grouned. "Well, the alternative is to fling up the sponge. Just quit and leave the

game in Wixon's hands." "What! That would be to confess our indiscretion. If the very children are gossiping about us-"

"Gammon! There isn't a man, woman or child in the city has said one word about her, except those as



Wixon had at the meeting last night. There isn't a living soul in the city as guesses the purpose of the meeting. The captain played his cards uncommonly smart. He didn't want no investigation. He just wanted to get rid of you; and, if he had not left this chance for you, he would have had no price to pay you off with."

"And he offers?" "Ne don't shoot straight at the mark. He insinuates that if you will resign and leave these parts, he will keep everything as secret as the grave." the tongue of that woman Clarkson, for

instance?" hold on her that 'ull shut her mouth as own-a quick, rough Indian pony, there was the dull thud of a heavy tight as a squirrel trap."

"And Susan Green?" "Her father's Wixon's private property. He never uses no tools he can't dull or sharpen as he wants to. That clare that it was the longest mile he sham parson is his, body and soul, and ever drove, for his companion was more the lubber Holbrook is already shipped | inconsolable than a widow at the loss off to Chicago."

"And Mr. Edgerly?"

"Ah, he's a horse of another color: honest as the day, but his head will never ache from the weight of his brain. Wixon 'ull fix him, never fear. You agree to go, an' Edgerly's all right." "And my friends of the night school,

what will they say?" "That you were bought off - sole them-got your pile and skipped." "Then I must leave behind me the reputation of a villain?"

sink yourself, or sacrifice the girl." For a time there was silence. The pipe, as though in them he would read his fate. In imagination he saw the the brown hair clustering round it, the sad look of those pensive eyes, the

lip-and he held his hand out to Wilders and said: "Jack, I will go!" "Spoken like a white man," cried the ospector. "Now we can go ahead with full steam on an' no danger sig-

nals out.' Long and earnestly they talked till the first shrill scream of a steam whistle roused the miners from their sleep and called them to another day's duties when they were but half rested from yesterday's.

"Stay a minute," Wilders said, as his guest rose to leave. "Millie wants me to give you this."

He handed the young man a bulky, scaled envelope, which he took from a table-drawer. "Just a woman's whim - nothing

worth mentioning-but she said you were to keep it in your pocket, an' not open it till you were a day's journey from Orctown." Grev's face was shadowed as he stood

fingering the little parcel. "Guess it's some of those furze-flow

ers," the prospector added unblushingly. "Females is awful tenderhearted, an' chock full o' nonsensekind o' forget-me-nots I guess-but take of them for the little woman's sake." "I will," Grey replied in tearful tones, "and may God reward you both for all

you have done for me."

"Goin' to Chicago for a visit, be thee?" asked honest Mrs. Whitford at breakfast. "Hast thee volks down i' those parts? "No, Mrs. Whitford," Grey replied, "I have no business; my father and

mother died when I was a lad, and I have never known other relatives." "P'raps," interrupted the corporal, jocularly, "we shall see you tripping back with a trim little wife hanging on

"No, Mr. Whitford; I never yet spoke Grey declared in slow, impressive tones. was a lad in the royal marines, I-" "Howd thy tongue, mon," Mrs. Whit- increasing difficulties.

ford interjected. "Dunna thee see Day by day the clouds gathered over



cheeks." Then turning to the girl, she

added: "Gan thee hast finished thy meal, my dear, get thee to thy room an' In fact she heard but half he said, but fettle it oop a bit. Oi 'ull be wi' ye presently."

Grey seized on Elsie's absence as a good opportunity to finish packing, for he was haunted with a painful dread of arousing her suspicions of his permanent departure, feeling sure that a long farewell would be so hard for the dear child-aye, and for him, too; whereas if his plans did not fail he would slip away under the pretense of going to Chicago on a vacation, and be off without any painful betrayal of

But this was not to be. The last book was packed, the last belonging put away, the last long, lingering look out of the window at the lake, now a big plain of snow, fringed

by the pine-clad hills, the last- Ah what was that?

The door opened and Elsie Whitford confronted him. A child! Good heavens, it seemed as

if in a night she had grown into glorious womanhood. As she stood there in the strength of her young beauty the scales fell from the eyes of the unhappy man, and he knew he loved. Oh, how he longed to take her in his arms and tell her all he felt; but, between her and him was a chasm he dared not Elsie?" cross-not yet-but who knew what the future might bring forth?

She seemed very quiet and self-possessed-not a bit the emotion-tossed Elsie he had pictured to himself. Looking round the room at his corded boxes, she said very quietly:

"You are going to leave us for good, Oretown?'

"Yes, Elsie, I am going away; you have guessed rightly." The words and tone were cheerful, but she read in his eyes the pain the

parting cost him. "On account of the trouble you hinted at?" she asked. "I guessed as much. And you thought

to spare me the misery of a long farewell! Ah, that was kind of you-kind to the very last." "Shall you miss me so much, Elsie?" Manlike he was disappointed at her blazed with passion.

equanimity, though he had so much ireaded any ebullition of feeling. "Good-by, Elsie!"

"Good-by, Mr. Grey!" And that was all their parting, for at that moment the prospector drove to "But how can he? Who could curb the door in his buggy to take Frank Grey to the depot.

The prospector's horse was just such "He can. That I know. He's got a an animal as he might be expected to burly form sprang from the shadow, with legs as clean as a deer's, which blow, and her persecutor loosened his was by no means inclined to let | hold on her and fell with a crash to the the grass grow under his feet, but earth. Wilders was afterwards wont to deof her first husband.

As the steamer Idlewild pulled out of the bay Grey sat gazing on the retreating land, wondering whether ever again he would see those inhospitable

shores. His heart was full of bitterness. Why had things gone so wrong? Well, yes, he had after all been indiscreet in his treatment to Elsie Whitford, but who would have expected such a child as she was to have grown into a woman in one single night? "As I said before, you must either

Then he took from his pocket the package that Wilders had given him. There was a spell of sentiment over young man sat watching the clouds of him now, and the dried gorse flowers smoke that rose from his companion's would be a consolation, conveying many pleasant memories; but, when the envelope was torn open no yellow the sweet, innocent, childish face with | buds were there, only ten twenty-dollar bills wrapped in tissue paper and a letter in Mrs. Wilders' neat handtrembling movement of that beautiful writing.

"Use this trifle without compunction. It is a free gift from your loving friends, Jack and Millie. Then was added in the big, rough scrawl of the prospector:

man goes back on my Millie's wishes and calls me friend J. W." "Now, God bless their noble hearts!" murmured Grey, as tears of deep emo tion coursed down his cheeks.

"Don't return this little pile. No

CHAPTER VI.

A MOONLIGHT RAMBLE. "Then I will take your room for a month, Mrs. Whitford, and pay in advance," Elsie heard a voice say, as she entered her foster-mother's house one

"Toime to pay, zer, when we ha' addled it: vor it be a'most as bad to pay aforehand as not at all."

"The word of the righteous is his oond, "snuffed the stranger, whom Elsie had no difficulty in recognizing as Dodd, the Hopkinsite.

This was the beginning of very bad times for the poor girl: for, in place of the pleasant companionship of the cultured young schoolmaster, she had to endure the perpetual presence of one she instinctively detested, and who added to her abhorrence by constant unpleasant allusions to her absent

To add to her dilemma, the man seemed to have bewitched her fosterparents-Mrs. Whitford by a sanctimonious appeal to her easily wrought religious emotions-the corporal by a dazzling display of a knowledge of elementary geology, with a special bearng on minerals, which, to his untutored mind, revealed a depth of learning bordering on the supernatural. When the cunning rogue told Whitford it was gold he was after, and gold he would surely find, and how he would share one word of love to living woman," his fortune in embryo with his host, the corporal's heart glowed with hope, "Lord, but I pity your bad taste," and he was quite aware that he was grinned the corporal. "Why, when I entertaining an angel, who would be a special providence to him in his daily

how thy foolish claver reddens Elsie's the young girl's life; at last the storm

burst. at this toime o' noight, but thy feyther's tired, an' I ha' need o' things from the toon. Gan thee must, Oi be afeared." "I will accompany the maiden," Dodd

suggested, with a ready smile. Elsie started at the proposition. "No sir. I prefer to go alone.' "Whoy, Elsie!" There was a world of

eproachful surprise in Mrs. Whitford's "Hoot-toot, lass," broke in the cor-

ooral, hotly, "the parson's good enough company for the likes of you; get on coat an' start this minute.' He spoke as though he meant to be

beyed, and the girl with a sigh made er preparations. As the ill-assorted couple wended their way along the lonely path that led to the city, Dodd talked fluently, receiving, however, from the panting lips of his companion but brief responses.

suddenly she was shocked into strict at-"My dear child," he said, suddenly, 'the Lord hath appointed the blessed state of matrimony. Elsie felt constrained to say some-

thing, so curtly replied: "I suppose "And St. Paul says that it is not meet that man should live alone."

"Does he?" very wearily. "So for the last few weeks my meditations have turned toward marriage." "Some lady in Oretown?" she asked indifferently.

"Yes, dear child, listen." He drew closer to her as he spoke. "I am not very young, it is true, but Providence has blessed me with perennial cheerfulness of spirits. Youth, you know, is not everything."

"I suppose not." "Youth is indiscreet; youth dissembles, youth is fickle." "Yet youth is very enjoyable."

"In a carnal sense, yes. They walked on a little in silence. Mr. Dodd doubtless meditating on the iniquities of the young. Suddenly he asked:

"Do you love your father and mother, "What a question! Of course I do." "And you would obey them like a

dutiful daughter?" "Surely, but what has that to do with your matrimonial projects-it was of them we were talking. "Oh, Elsie, can you not tell? Surely

those big round eyes of yours are not Mr. Grey, you are not coming back to blind to my devotion? Child, I love "You love me!" the girl recoiled with horror. "Sir, if my father only knew

that you had dared to-"

ening agony.

your mother, too; this errand was all a sham, got up to afford me the opportunity to speak to you." "Impossible!" "And why impossible? Ah, I see, you

"Pshaw! Your father does know,

still hanker after that scallawag, Grey, whose very acquaintance was a reproach to you. "You pitiful coward!" Her eyes

"You darling little beauty!" he cried, seizing her in his arms and showering kisses on her face. "Help! help!" she shrieked, in sick-

Her breath came in short, choking gasps, the rocks seemed to whirl, and the earth to reel. Suddenly-how she never knew-a

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An authority on anthropology says that the ears of women are set further forward on the head than those of men.

VOICE FROM THE TOMB. Hon. Alexander H. Stephens on the De-

grading of Silver. Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, was a statesman whose views on all subjects were universally respected, even by his political opponents. He died before the present silver agitation, but when he was in congress he wrote a letter to a gentleman in California answering several inquiries on the question. The letter was dated January 26, 1882, and has but recently been given to the public by the Atlanta Constitution. In speaking of the silver question Mr. Stephens

"The subject is one of the gravest that now occupies the attention of congress and the thinking men throughout the United States. The reason that silver bullion has been depreciated since 1873 in this country is that congress in February, 1873, struck silver from the lists of money of the United States. The moment that this act of congress was passed gold was made the only standard of values in this country. That was a great error and was attended with infinite mischief in the United States.

"In 1792 Mr. Hamilton and the patri-

otic statesmen of that day recognized in our coinage the bimetallic system of money; that is, he and they recognized silver as money as well as gold at the ratio of about 16 parts of silver as equivalent to one of gold. Under this regulation and coinage we were prosperous in 1873. When silver was deprived of its debt-paying power as an equivalent to gold at the ratio stated, silver in the markets of the world was at a premium over gold. It is useless to go into reasons why this change was adopted in our system or by what unseen hands it was effected. The true policy of this country is to return to the system of our fathers. If the government should now, as it ought to, retrace its steps and provide for the free coinage of silver, as it does of gold, and make 4121/2 grains of standard silver equivalent to 25 8-10 grains of gold then silver would immediately return to its original dignity in the markets of the world in purchasing and debt-paying power. This is the real function of money and in this country this equality in this function at the ratio stated should be maintained.

"The debts and bonds of the United

States provided for payment in gold or silver coin at the then standard value; it was a great wrong to the taxpayers, on whom rests the payment of the public debt, to strike silver from the list of money as was done in 1873. It was that blow which changed the values of the property of the United States. More than half of the money of the world was at that time silver. The whole amount in the world in 1873 was estimated at \$8,000,000,000; of these \$4,500,000,000 were silver and \$3,500,000,-000 were gold in round numbers. The ruinous consequences which attended | come so abundant that a few men can't | this bad act of administration were control it, it may be demonetized and seen in the failures of mercantile houses and business men, amounting ard established; and if the worst comes "Elsie, lass," said Mrs. Whitford late to more than half the public debt of to the worst we can fall back on henone evening, "Oi hate to send thee out | the United States within the last nine years. Now, I am for the free coinage of silver bullion just as of gold. Gold and silver should be put upon a perfect equality as of yore in the ratio of 16 to 1. This would not only add to the value of real estate and all sorts of property in the United States, but it would greatly encourage and stimulate the mining of silver in this country. In my view all the gold and silver that can be produced to our mints should be coined alike. The coin should be kept in the vaults of the treasury and certificates of it given in all cases where certificates are preferred. These coin certificates should be the currency of the country; it

would be the best in the world. In this age we do not wish to burden with the weight of either gold or silver in ordinary business transactions, extending to distant places in the country, but we do want a paper currency which is redeemable at the will of the holder in coin. dollar for dollar. Bank bills which are so common in use are only promises to pay in coin and are often issued in amounts of two and sometimes to three for one of coin in the vaults; but under the plan advocated by me the certificates would in no case represent anything but dollar

for dollar." Mr. Stephens further said "that the present depreciation of silver bullion and of the silver standard dollar arises solely from the degradation of silver trolled by a few stockholders. The grains of standard silver is and shall in its purchasing and debt-paying power combined in a few hands. power and instantly silver will be on a par, if not above par, compared with this scheme. Free coinage of silver

"To increase the quantity of silver in the present dollar of 4121/2 grains up how the banking act helps the gold to 480 grains, to make it equivalent to the present current value of 25 8-10 grains of gold, would be a great wrong to the laboring masses in the union whose taxes have to meet the public debt; the holders of the public debt at the time they received the bonds received them under the express stipulation that they were to be paid in United States coin, gold or silver, at its then standard value, and all that is wanting to make gold and silver equal, to make 4121/4 grains of silver equal in the markets of the world to 25 8-10 gold, is for congress to put silver back on the list of the moneys of the United States as it was in 1873."

Falling Prices.

cause, and the sole cause, and ever was | dark clouds.—Los Angeles Express. the cause of a general fall of prices. Our British gold standard has resulted in currency contraction. Contraction of the volume of currency appreciates the value of the dollar. Appreciation of money is denoted by falling prices, shrinkage of values, lowering of land of great plenty. But why reiterate what has been said a thousand makes the least effort to represent the people. - Toledo (0.) News.

and the next gubernatorial contest, the allowed to he

A Note of Warning.

TRULY ALARMING.

cial nations has so stimulated produc-

tion in every part of the world that

paying mines are becoming more and

nore numerous and more prolific every

"The first thought," it says, "with

regard to such an overwhelming accu-

mulation is that we shall not know

how to make it available as a mone-

tary standard without breaking down

gests that "serious disturbances" are

likely to result. It is, indeed, a

piteous case. According to the Lon-

don Banker the value of gold has been

so greatly enhanced by the general

adoption of the gold standard as to

prodigiously increase the activity of

the gold miners and the gold hunter;

and now the champions of the gold

standard are aghast at the frightful

results of their own work. The danger

they now see is that gold will become

a "debased" metal. Another financier,

writing in the London Banker's Mag-

azine, declares that there will shortly

necessary to limit its coinage and its

We think, however, we can comfort

the perturbed souls of these able finan-

ciers. In the first place, their fears of

a gold flood are grossly exaggerated.

In the second place, certain distin-

guished monetary scientists in this

country have demonstrated that gold

is the one thing whose value is entirely

independent of the law of supply and

demand. Col. Patterson has proven

this quite ingeniously. He has shown

that under free coinage a gold dollar

is always worth just as much as a

gold dollar, never more, never less. No

matter whether you produce gold by

the grain by the ton, an ounce of gold

will always be worth an ounce of gold

-its value never changes. We have

had these considerations presented for

our own comfort while the gold prices

of commodities were going down and

they ought to be quite as reassuring if

gold prices should take the opposite

turn. What does it matter about

"breaking down existing values," or

prices? They have been breaking

down, lo, these many years; but it is

comforting to think that whether

prices go up or down, the value of gold

is always the same—when measured in

Then, again, if gold threatens to be-

teeth.-Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

legal tender quality.

An Approaching Flood That Has Been Die The London Bankers' Magazine is appalled by the terrible menace of a Bits. "flood of gold." It declares that a careful review of all the facts bearing upon the question leads to the con-

get, conductor. I want the Bank of England." Conductor - "All right, clusion that there is "no imaginable mum. (Aside) She don't want much, limit to the future output of this do she, mate?"-Punch. precious metal;" that the immense -She (fingering the keys of the pipressure of the demand upon the stock gold caused by the great commer-

ano)-"Do you play much, Mr. Kawler?" He-"No; not under the new racing laws-er, that is, yes; I play the flute some."-Town Topics. -Final Arrangements. - Friend-

"Have you signed the contract?" Actress-"Yes. The manager agrees to allow the expense of two diamond robberies and one divorce."-Brooklyn what to do with it, how to use it, and | Life.

-"That," exclaimed the !.ig fish to the little fish, "is the fish who slipped existing values;" and it gravely sug. off the hook just as they were pulling him out of the water. They tell great stories about him."-Detroit Tribune. beau now if you met him." Nell-

> I've changed him."-Philadelphia Rec--Thoughtfulness. - Magistrate-"If you broke into the house with honorable intentions, as you say you did. why did you take off your boots in the hall?" Burglar-"I was told by my

be such a "glut of gold" as to make it | bed." (Six months.)-Dorfbarbier. -A Home Thrust .- Herr Becker-"Marie, it strikes me you waste a lot of precious time with your poodle!" Frau Becker-"Poor creature! I often feel sorry for him. He has no club to go to of an evening and amuse himself four or five hours at a stretch."-Deutscher Soldatenhort.

last trump blows it will find a good many of my congregation asleep." "Well," replied one of the deacons, "I reckon it all depends on who is doing the preaching at that particular moment."-Yonkers Statesman.

-Neighbor-"What beautiful hens you have, Mrs. Stuckup." Mrs. Stuckup-"Yes. they are all imported fowls." Neighbor-"You don't tell me so! I suppose they lay eggs every day?" Mrs. Stuckup (proudly)-"They could do so if they saw proper, but our circumstances are such that my hens are not required to lay eggs every day."-Texas Siftings.

for you to-day, Brownley. He sails for Australia to-morrow, where he intends settling, and he wanted to collect five pounds you owe him." Brownley-Yes; I saw him a little while ago. I promised to forward him the money by the next mail." Dumley-"In what part of Australia does he expect to settle?" Brownley-"Well, really, I don't know; I didn't ask him."-Tit-Bits.

the New Vice of Factory and Shop-

FIXED PRICE FOR GOLD. How the Yellow Metal Is Maintained in Nominal Value.

Here is an item clipped from Bradstreet's to which we call the attention of the advocates of gold monometallism and the opponents of bimetallism: "Unemployed deposits in bank, also the gold in the Bank of England, continue excessive, and seem likely to do so while quiet trade and low prices call for so little money. Gold gathers because the bank act binds the bank to buy all fine gold offered at £3, 17s.

9d. an ounce." Notice that "the bank act" binds the bank to buy all fine gold offered at nearly \$20 an ounce. Gold, therefore, has a fixed value--fixed not by the supply and demand law, of which Mr. Carlisle and the school of economists to which he now belongs talk so much | going more and more out of use each and so eloquently-but a price fixed by | year, and to-day seven-tenths of the legislative enactment. It appears from the paragraph that the Bank of En- snuff for dipping. Approximately gland is being "forced" to buy this about 60,000,000 pounds come out of gold, although it has more than it

needs now. It is proposed to duplicate this legislation in one form or another in this country. What the banking ring is working towards is a national bank on | five cents. With some girls this quanthe plan of the Bank of England, or | tity will hardly last more than a couple the Bank of France, owned and conby act of congress in 1873. Let con- national banks, when they get the exgress declare, as it ought to, that 41214 clusive privilege of issuing paper money will be consolidated, the small be equivalent to 25 8-10 grains of gold fish frozen out and all the immense

But monometallism must precede helps the western silver miner, we are told, but no one says a word about miners, or how the demonetization of silver and the retirement of green backs have had the same effect.

We ask some of our gold-bug friends and contemporaries to explain why it s right to force the Bank of England to buy gold at a fixed value, and this country to coin it free, and wrong to extend the same privileges to silver? banking act does not give an artificial value to gold?

All that bimetallists ask is that the two metals be placed on an equality before the law. But it is not to the interests of the financial rings to do so, and they have proven such adepts though Baltimore has two or three in the past at controlling the powers and Philadelphia at least one.-N. Y. that be, that unless the people awake World. Contraction of the currency is the to their danger the future is full of

IDLE SILVER.

The Gold Ring Still Clamoring for Its It is alleged now by Secretary Car

lisle and his school of economists that wages, enforced idleness for labor, all there is over \$800,000,000 in notes to be the ills from which we suffer in this kept at par with the gold reserve. Not content with the bonds that it would require to redeem "the greenbacks," law. Of course that is quite unneces-Hickmon County (Tenn.) News sounds treasury, and the notes are treated as party in that state: "One thing is certain, the party must select a man who ring in forcing this policy on the secstands squarely on the financial question—a free silver man at that. There to his embarassment and obliges him can be no dodging. The people are to issue more bonds. It is bonds they going to join in the fight, and their want, and bonds they will have if they wishes must be regarded. They are can squeeze them out of the adminisgoing to send delegates to the conven- tration. The silver meantime is to be tions, and men seeking preferment at entirely ignored and not to be used their hands must be in line with them even at the rate of 50 cents on the or they will stand but little show." dollar.—Los Angeles Express.

PITH AND POINT.

-"You never told me Miss Fairgir was an athlete." "Well, is she?" "Yes, she has thrown me over."-Tit-

-Fussy Old Lady-"Now, don't for-

-Maude-"You wouldn't know my

"Why, has he changed so much as

that?" Maude-"That isn't it exactly.

mate that the master was lying ill in

-"I suppose," said the preacher, a little out of patience, "that when the

-Dumley - "Townley was looking

SNUFF-DIPPING.

The popular belief has been that 'snuff-dipping" is confined almost antirely to the negroes and the "poor whites" down south, but this old-fashioned practice is indulged in to a remarkable extent in this section of the country. Within the last two or three years it has been taken up by shop and factory girls, and there is hardly a manufacturing town in New York state or in the east where the dealers

do not sell hundreds of pounds of dipping snuff weekly. The girls are using it now in preference to gum, and those who do not already know the trick are being taught it by their companions. The oldfashioned snuff that pleasurably titillated the nostrils of our ancestors is snuff manufactured in America is the mill each year. It is sold in little tin cans holding one ounce, or frequently a girl prefers to buy it in small paper packages, which she can carry about more easily. An ounce costs

of days. The "dipping" process is a simple one. The old-fashioned method was to rub the gums with the powdered tobacco by means of a stick of soft wood. whose end had been chewed into a sort of brush, but the factory girl pours about half a teaspoonful on a card or bit of paper, and, tipping this, shakes out the snuff into her mouth against her closed teeth.

The amount of the consumption can be judged best from the fact that one dealer in this city sends a barrel of dipping snuff weekly to a dealer in Troy. The collar and cuff girls of that city, it is said, have a large number of snuff-dippers among them. Fall River, Mass., and Lynn are also strongholds of snuff-dipping, and in fact this Will it be claimed that the English article finds customers in every city and town along the Atlantic seaboard. The negro and poor white trade of the south is a comparatively small factor nowadays. There are ten dippingsnuff manufacturers in the country. the majority of them in New Jersey,

> Easy If You Know How. A sporting gentleman, who had the eputation of being a very bad shot.

invited some of his friends to dine with him. Before dinner he showed them a target painted on a barn door, with a bullet right in the bullseye. This he claimed to have shot at a 1,000 yards distance. As nobody believed him he offered to bet the price of an oyster supper on it. On one of his guests accepting the wager he produced two wittimes by every man in public life who they are atready demanding more to nesses whose veracity could not be redeem those issued under the Sherman doubted to prove his assertion. Since they both stated that he had done what sary, as they could be redeemed and he claimed he won his bet. During should be in silver, but that would not dinner the loser of the wager juquired In referring to politics in Tennessee satisfy the gold ring, so the silver is how the host had managed to fire such an excellent "Well, I shot the bullet at the door at this note of warning to the dominant though they were gold instead of a distance of 1,000 yards and then I

She-I have heard that you said I was fond of the sound of my own voice. He-Well, you have yourself admitted that you like music.-Philadelphia Record.

-The Nile, from its delta to the great lakes of Central Africa, is over 4000 miles in length.

